MARVEL
KNIGHTS
#1
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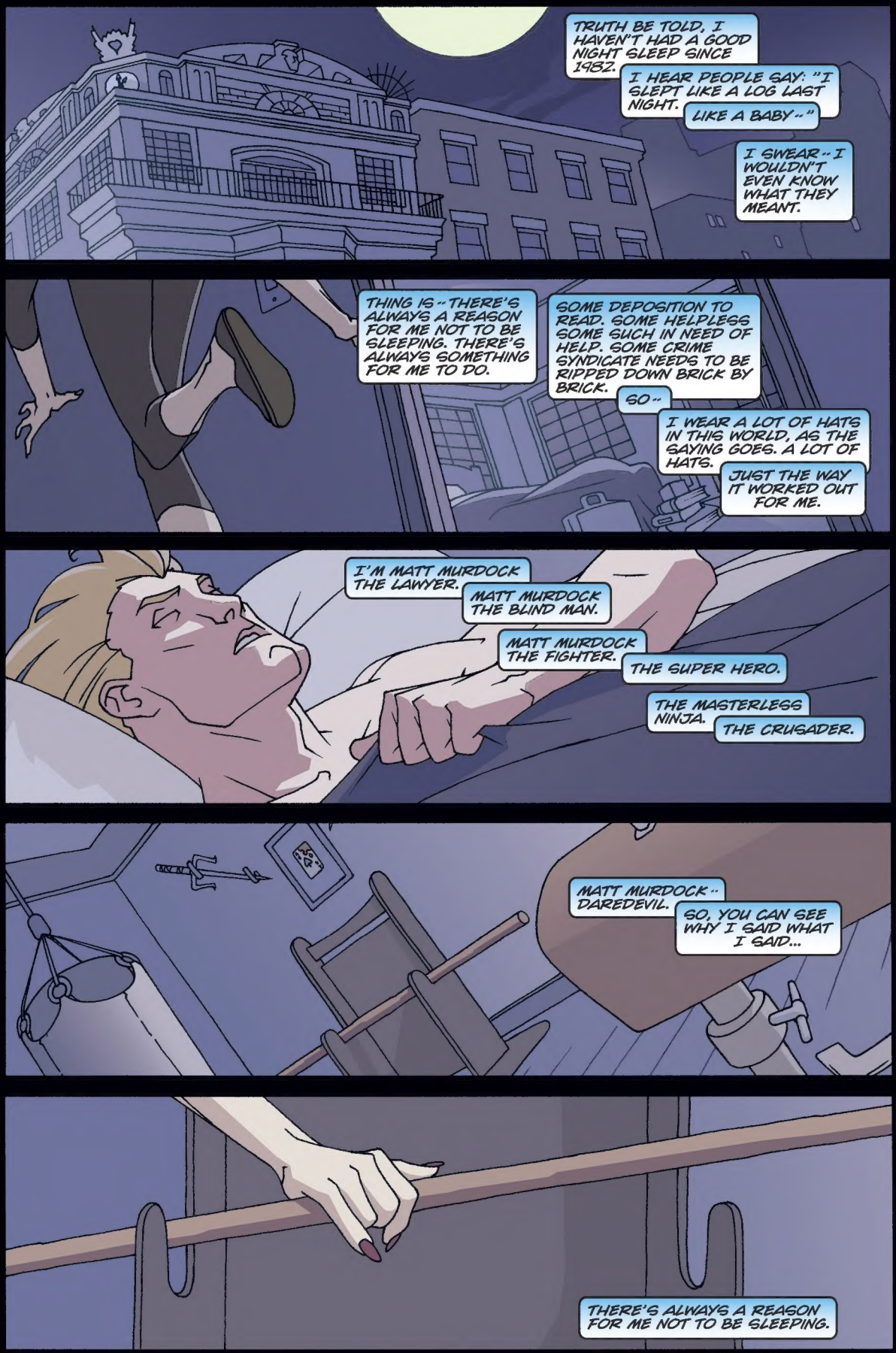
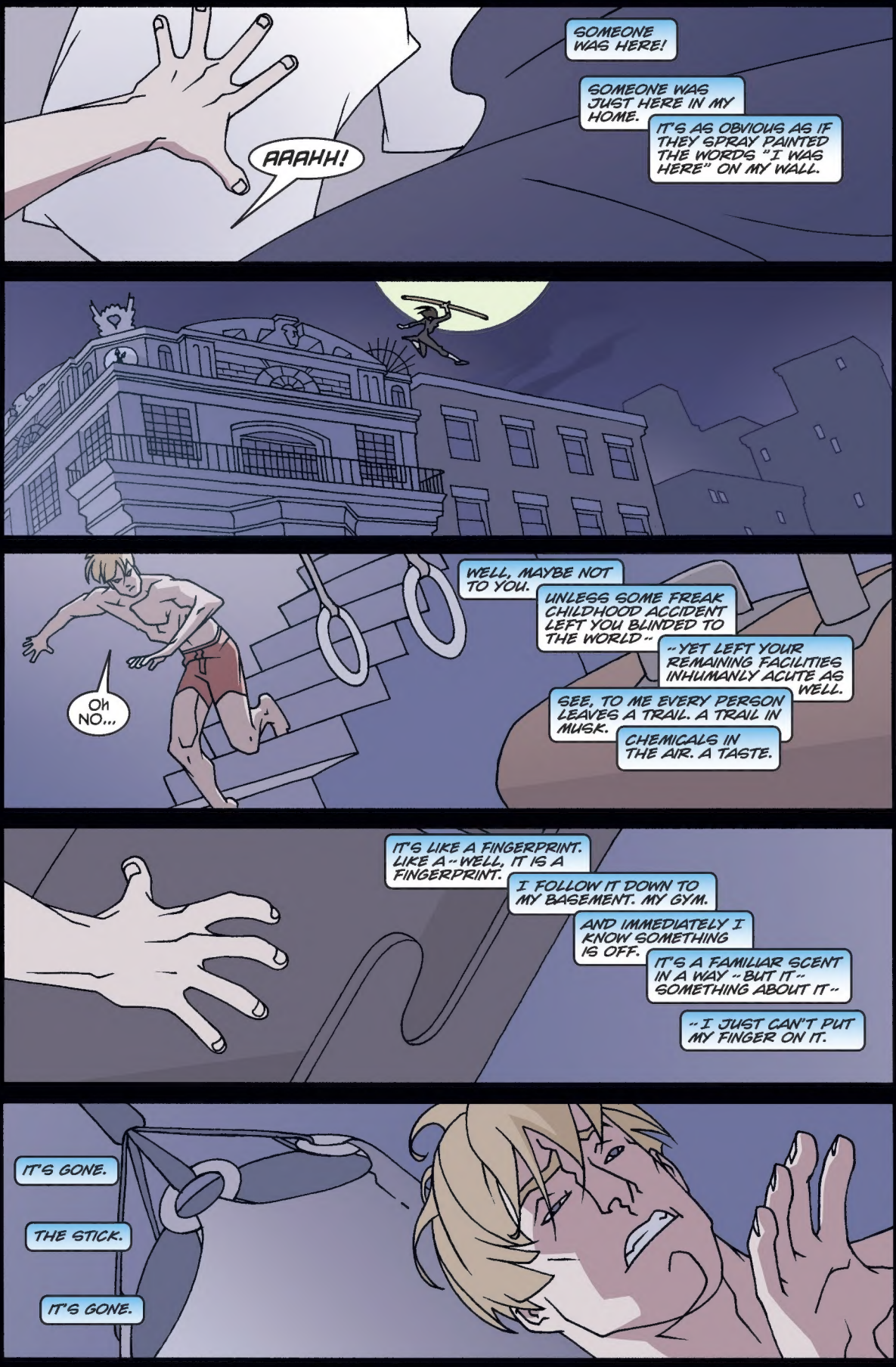
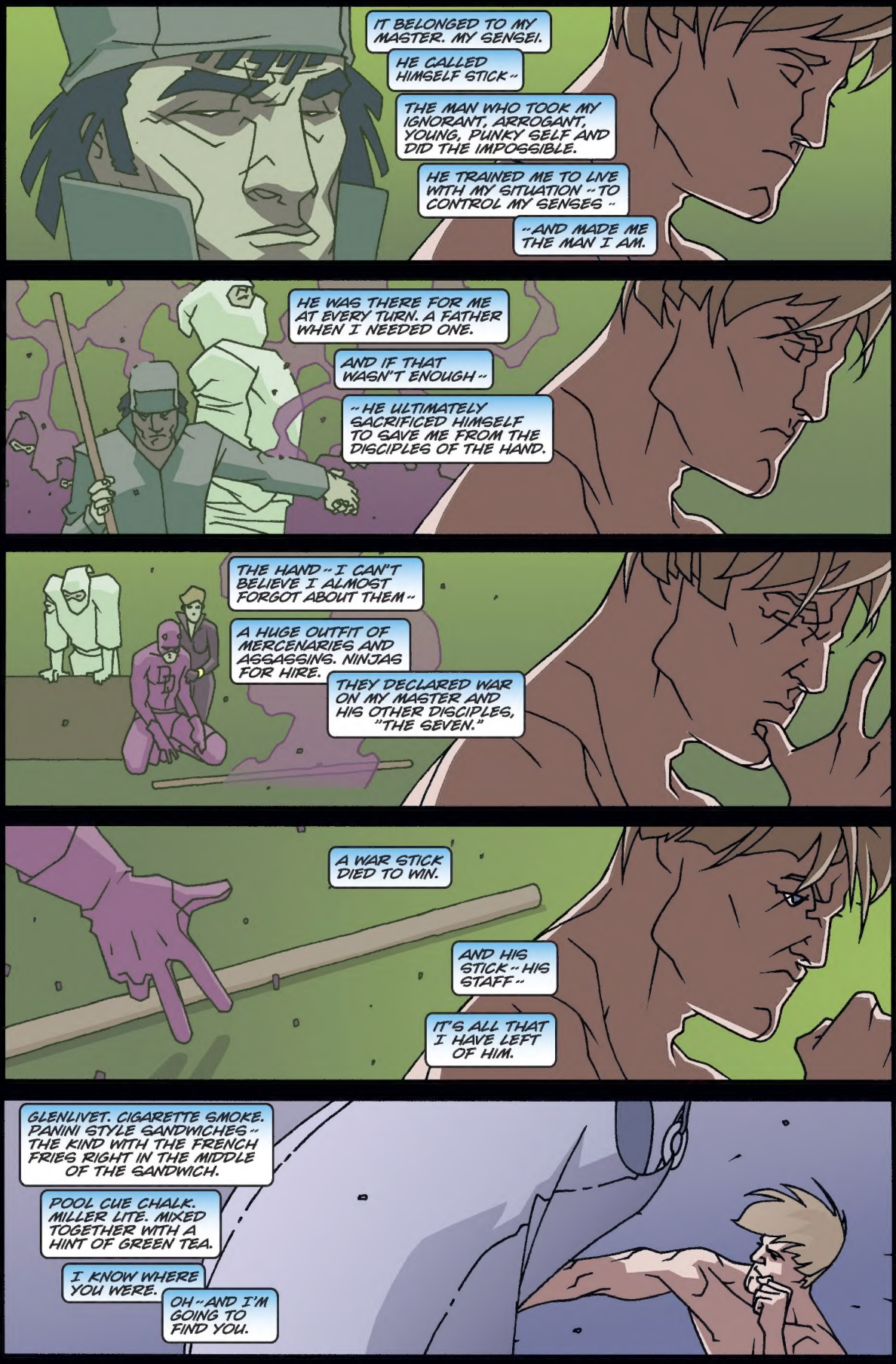
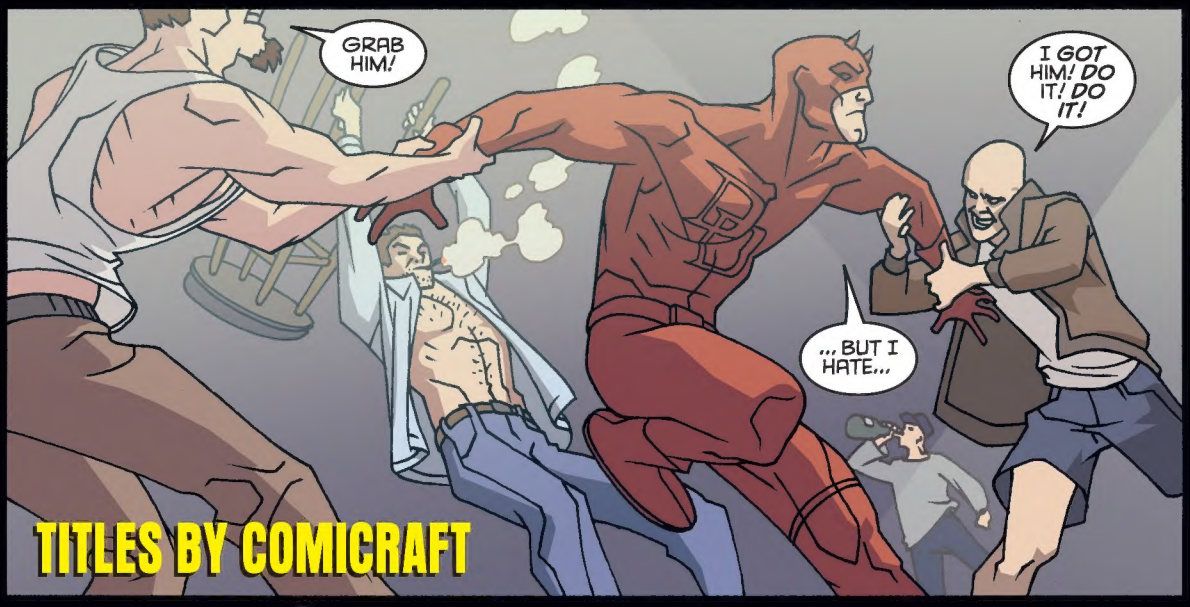
BENDIS
HAYNES
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL


TRUTH BE TOLD, I HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD NIGHT SLEEP SINCE 1982.
I HEAR PEOPLE SAY: "I SLEPT LIKE A LOG LAST NIGHT.
LIKE A BABY--"
I SWEAR--I WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY MEANT.
THING IS--THERE'S ALWAYS A REASON FOR ME NOT TO BE SLEEPING. THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING FOR ME TO DO.
SOME DEPOSITION TO READ. SOME HELPLESS SOME SUCH IN NEED OF HELP. SOME CRIME SYNDICATE NEEDS TO BE RIPPED DOWN BRICK BY BRICK.
SO--
I WEAR A LOT OF HATS IN THIS WORLD, AS THE SAYING GOES. A LOT OF HATS.
JUST THE WAY IT WORKED OUT FOR ME.
I'M MATT MURDOCK THE LAWYER.
MATT MURDOCK THE BLIND MAN.
MATT MURDOCK THE FIGHTER.
THE SUPER HERO.
THE MASTERLESS NINJA.
THE CRUSADER.
MATT MURDOCK--DAREDEVIL.
SO, YOU CAN SEE WHY I SAID WHAT I SAID...
THERE'S ALWAYS A REASON FOR ME NOT TO BE SLEEPING.


AAAHH!
SOMEONE WAS HERE!
SOMEONE WAS JUST HERE IN MY HOME.
IT'S AS OBVIOUS AS IF THEY SPRAY PAINTED THE WORDS "I WAS HERE" ON MY WALL.
OH NO...
WELL, MAYBE NOT TO YOU.
UNLESS SOME FREAK CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT LEFT YOU BLINDED TO THE WORLD--
--YET LEFT YOUR REMAINING FACILITIES INHUMANLY ACUTE AS WELL.
SEE, TO ME EVERY PERSON LEAVES A TRAIL. A TRAIL IN MUSK.
CHEMICALS IN THE AIR. A TASTE.
IT'S LIKE A FINGERPRINT. LIKE A--WELL, IT IS A FINGERPRINT.
I FOLLOW IT DOWN TO MY BASEMENT. MY GYM.
AND IMMEDIATELY I KNOW SOMETHING IS OFF.
IT'S A FAMILIAR SCENT IN A WAY--BUT IT--SOMETHING ABOUT IT--
--I JUST CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT.
IT'S GONE.
THE STICK.
IT'S GONE.


IT BELONGED TO MY MASTER. MY SENSEI.
HE CALLED HIMSELF STICK--
THE MAN WHO TOOK MY IGNORANT, ARROGANT, YOUNG, PUNKY SELF AND DID THE IMPOSSIBLE.
HE TRAINED ME TO LIVE WITH MY SITUATION--TO CONTROL MY SENSES--
--AND MADE ME THE MAN I AM.
HE WAS THERE FOR ME AT EVERY TURN. A FATHER WHEN I NEEDED ONE.
AND IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH--
--HE ULTIMATELY SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO SAVE ME FROM THE DISCIPLES OF THE HAND.
THE HAND--I CAN'T BELIEVE I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THEM--
A HUGE OUTFIT OF MERCENARIES AND ASSASSINS. NINJAS FOR HIRE.
THEY DECLARED WAR ON MY MASTER AND HIS OTHER DISCIPLES, "THE SEVEN."
A WAR STICK DIED TO WIN.
AND HIS STICK--HIS STAFF--
IT'S ALL THAT I HAVE LEFT OF HIM.
GLENLIVET. CIGARETTE SMOKE. PANINI STYLE SANDWICHES--THE KIND WITH THE FRENCH FRIES RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SANDWICH.
POOL CUE CHALK. MILLER LITE. MIXED TOGETHER WITH A HINT OF GREEN TEA.
I KNOW WHERE YOU WERE.
OH--AND I'M GOING TO FIND YOU.

STAN LEE PRESENTS
OKAY, MAYBE YOU CAN'T TELL JUST BY LOOKING AT ME...
OW!
SMACK
DAREDEVIL NINJA
GLGG!
A MARVEL FILMS PRODUCTION

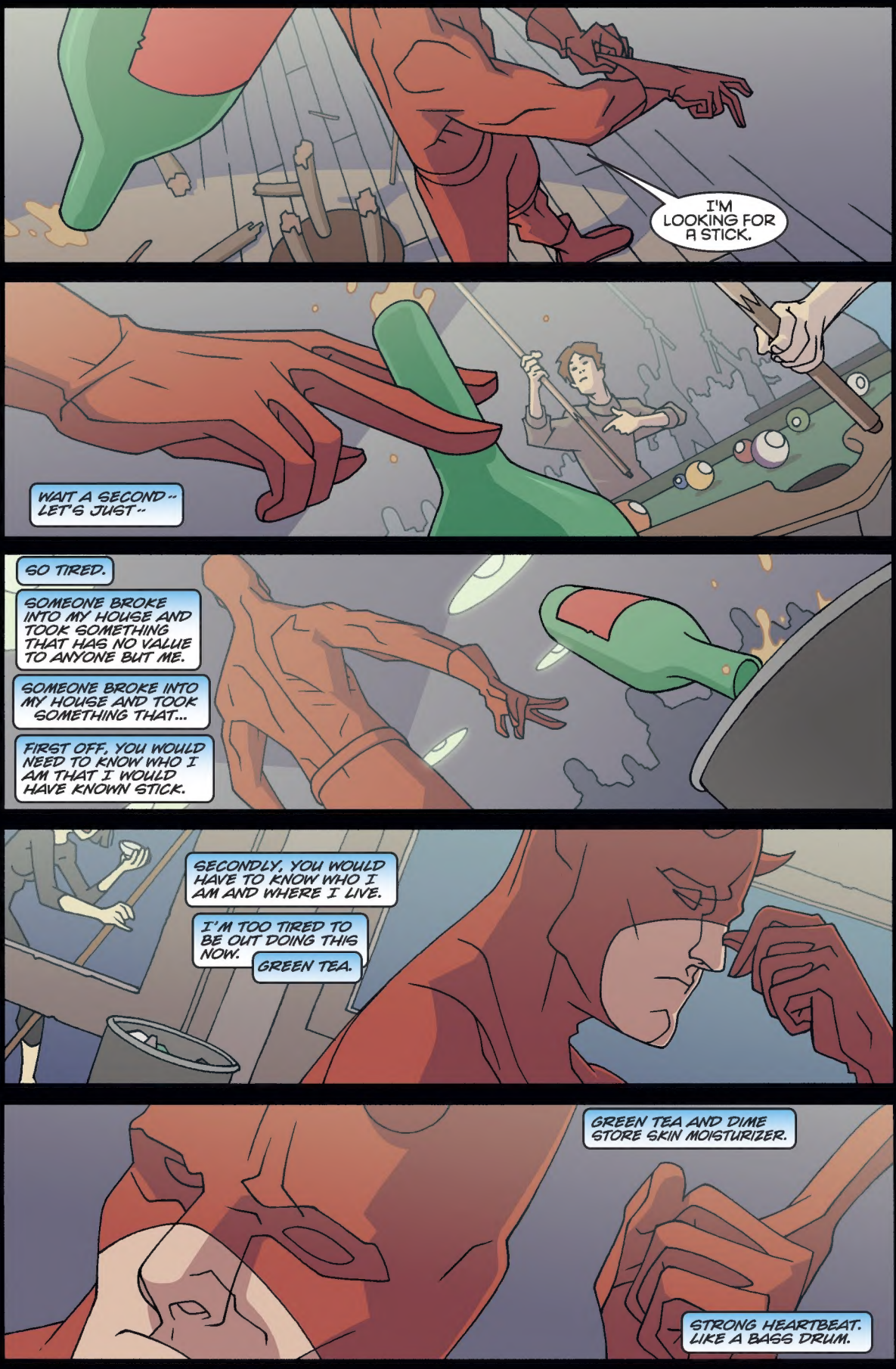

GRAB HIM!
I GOT HIM! DO IT! DO IT!
... BUT I HATE...
TITLES BY COMICRAFT

SMASH
... REPEATING MYSELF.
CINEMATOGRAPHY BY DAVID SELF

PRODUCED BY JOE QUESADA
NANCI DAKESIAN
OW!
NO...
I'LL ASK AGAIN:
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT KELLY LAMY

KONK
GUHNK!
WRITTEN BY BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

QUIET BACK THERE!
THUNK
DIRECTED BY ROB HAYNES


I'M LOOKING FOR A STICK.
WAIT A SECOND -- LET'S JUST --
SO TIRED.
SOMEONE BROKE INTO MY HOUSE AND TOOK SOMETHING THAT HAS NO VALUE TO ANYONE BUT ME.
SOMEONE BROKE INTO MY HOUSE AND TOOK SOMETHING THAT...
FIRST OFF, YOU WOULD NEED TO KNOW WHO I AM THAT I WOULD HAVE KNOWN STICK.
SECONDLY, YOU WOULD HAVE TO KNOW WHO I AM AND WHERE I LIVE.
I'M TOO TIRED TO BE OUT DOING THIS NOW.
GREEN TEA.
GREEN TEA AND DIME STORE SKIN MOISTURIZER.
STRONG HEARTBEAT. LIKE A BASS DRUM.

AND IT'S OFFICIAL:
WHOEVER IT IS, THEY ARE DEFINITELY SCREWING WITH ME.
ALL RIGHT, LADY --
-- WHO ARE YOU AND WHY HAVE YOU CRAWLED UP MY NOSE?

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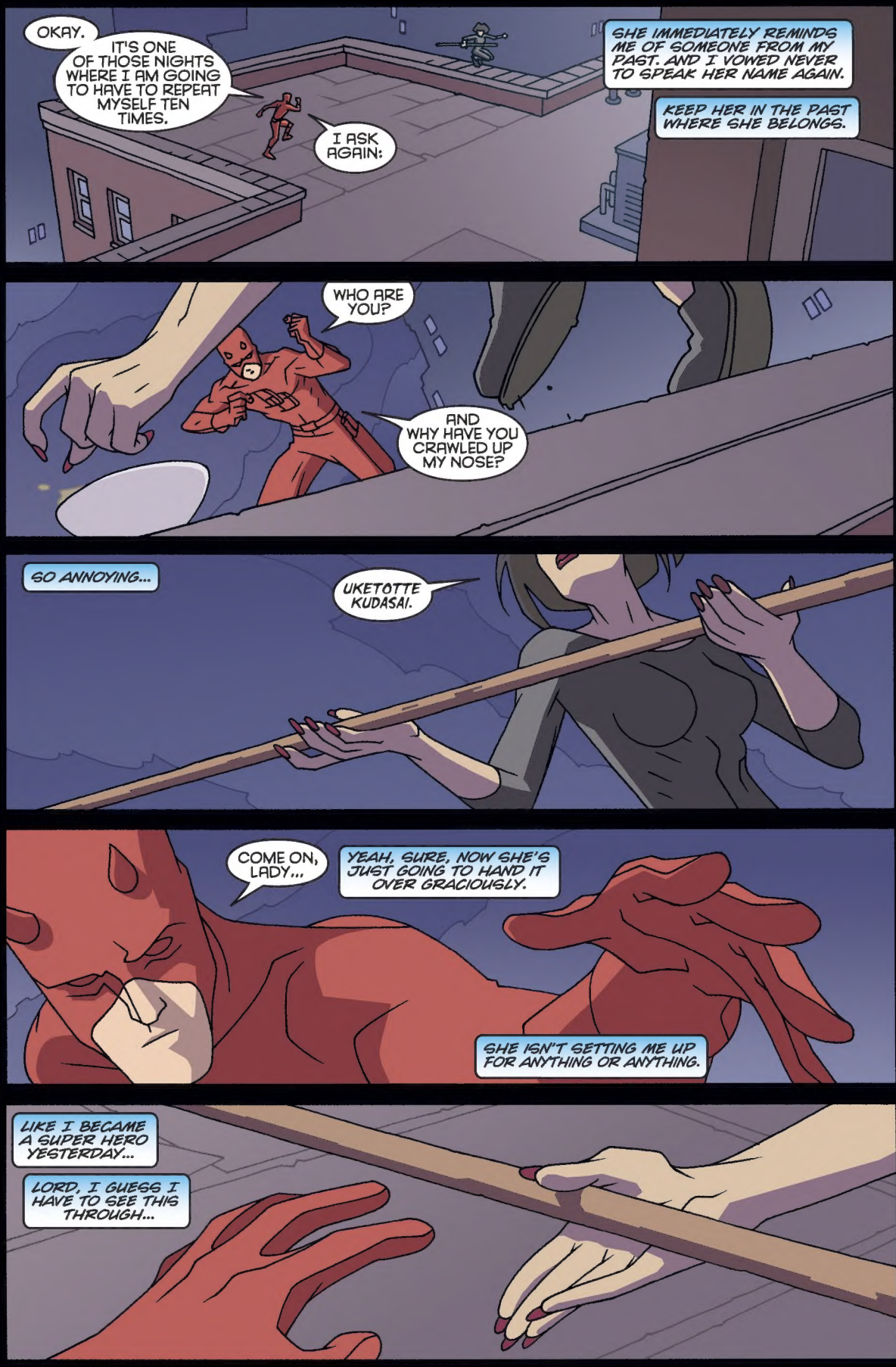
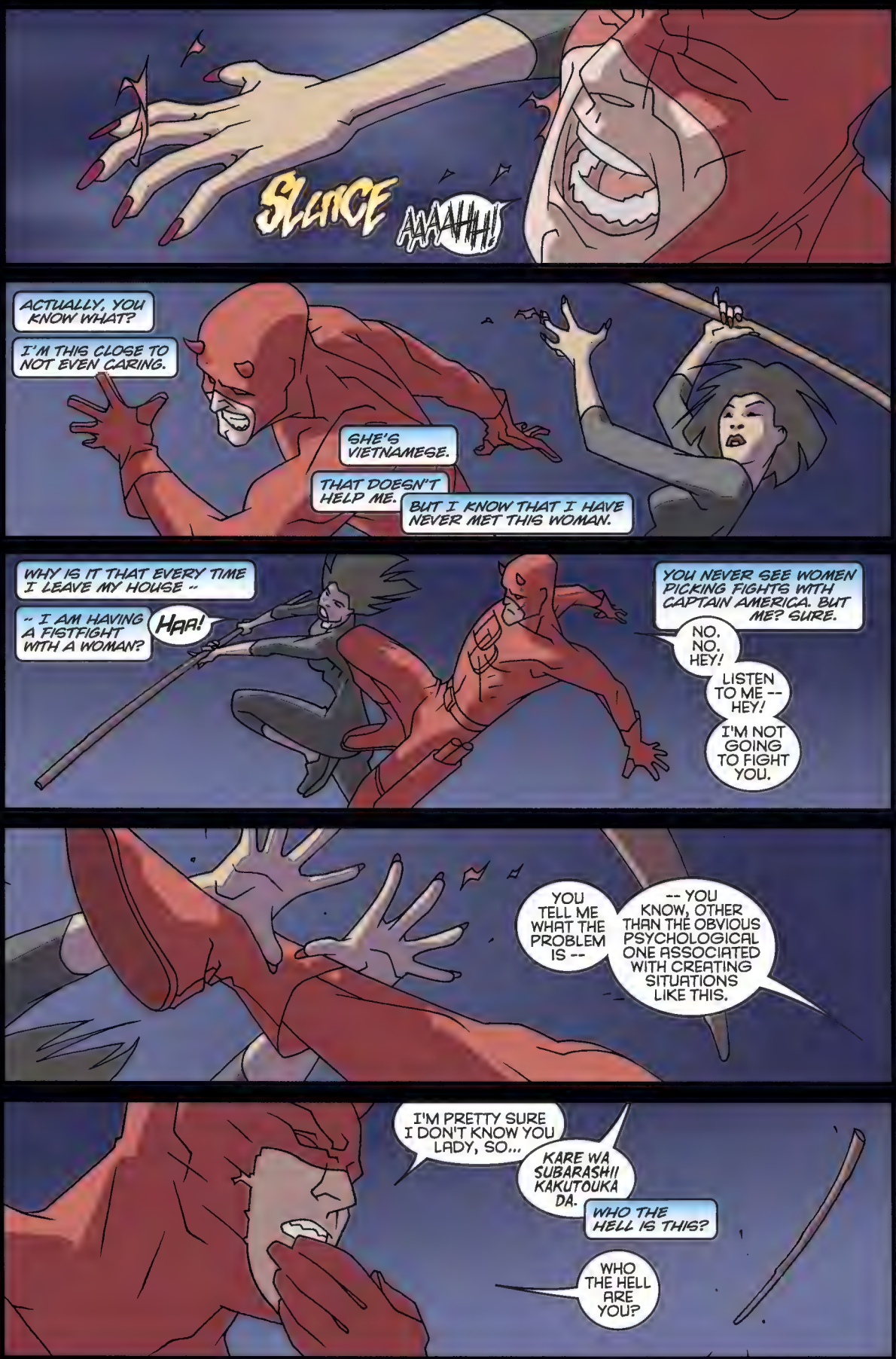
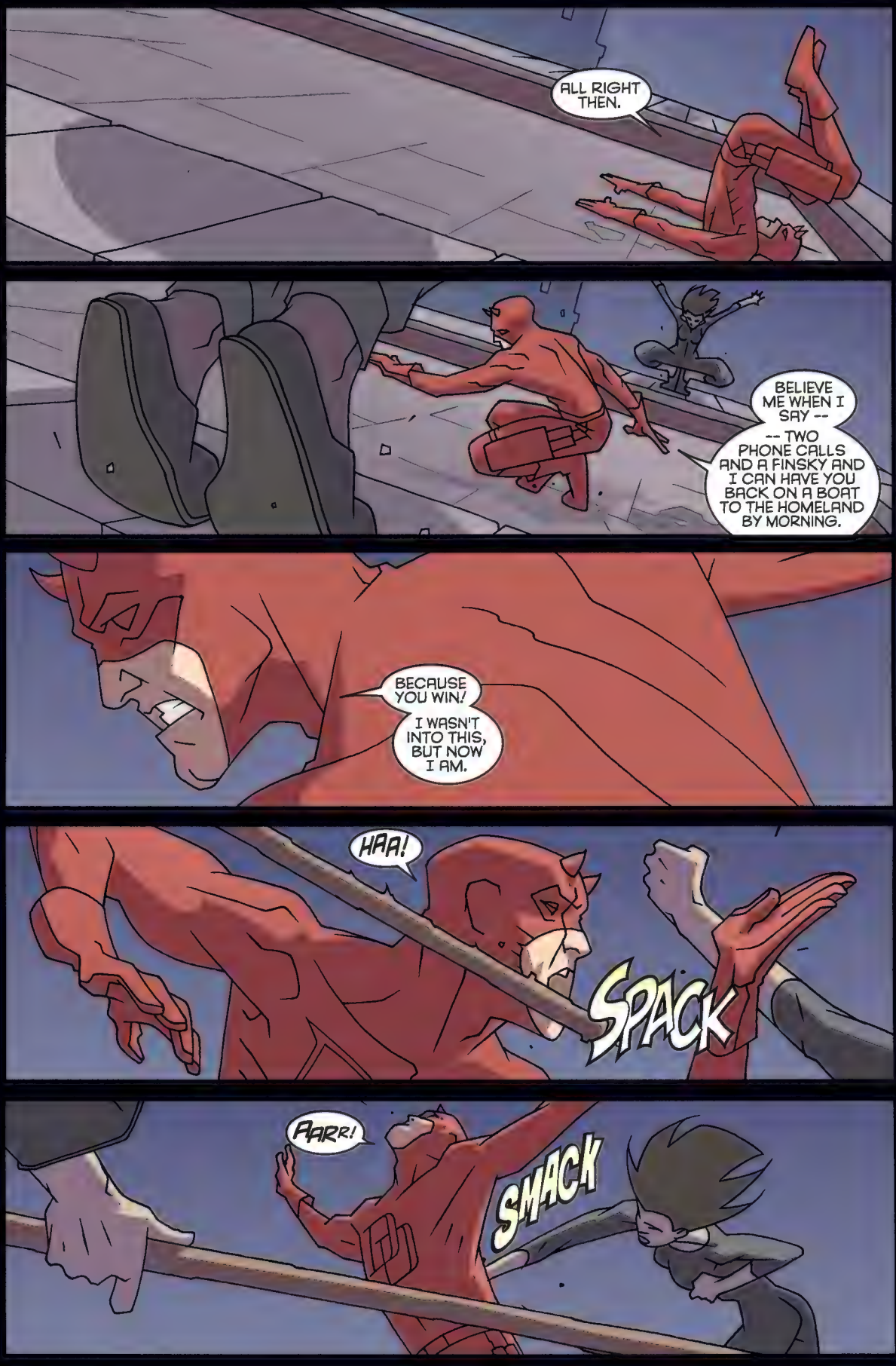

OKAY.
IT'S ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS WHERE I AM GOING TO HAVE TO REPEAT MYSELF TEN TIMES.
I ASK AGAIN:
SHE IMMEDIATELY REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE FROM MY PAST. AND I VOWED NEVER TO SPEAK HER NAME AGAIN.
KEEP HER IN THE PAST WHERE SHE BELONGS.
WHO ARE YOU?
AND WHY HAVE YOU CRAWLED UP MY NOSE?
SO ANNOYING...
UKETOTTE KUDASAI.
COME ON, LADY...
YEAH, SURE, NOW SHE'S JUST GOING TO HAND IT OVER GRACIOUSLY.
SHE ISN'T SETTING ME UP FOR ANYTHING OR ANYTHING.
LIKE I BECAME A SUPER HERO YESTERDAY...
LORD, I GUESS I HAVE TO SEE THIS THROUGH...

OH -- WELL, WHAT A SURPRISE.
WHACK
FAK
WHEN, OH, WHEN DO I -- OOPS.
MY HEART'S NOT IN THIS.
I'M TIRED AND CRANKY AND THIS SMELLS LIKE NINJA CRAP TO ME.
I REALLY CAN'T STAND NINJA CRAP.
HAI!
WHACK
FOCUS MURDOCK.
SHE'S TRAINED. TALENT.
FAST AND FURIOUS.
WHO IS THIS?
CRACK

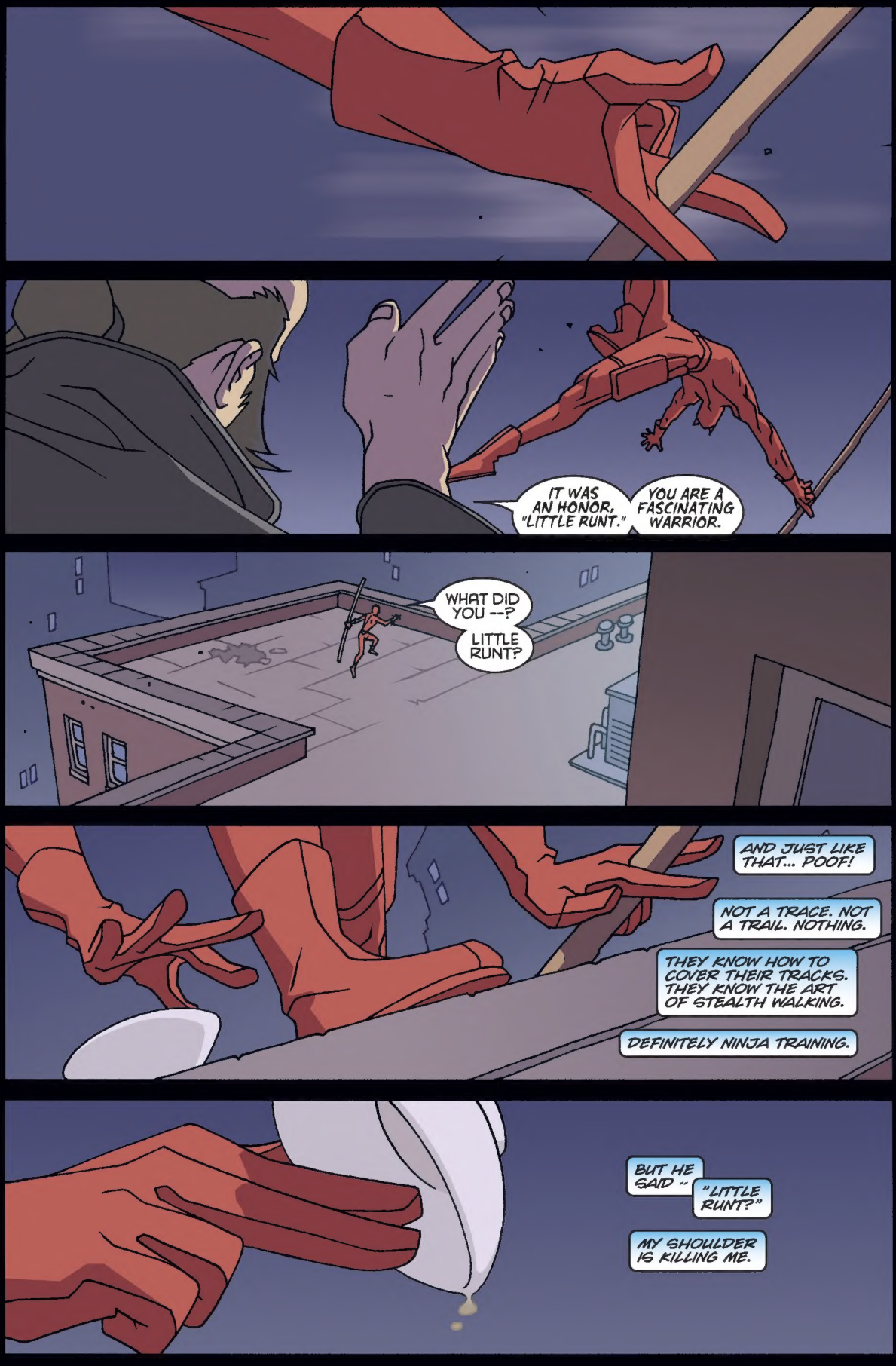

SLICE
AAAAHH!
ACTUALLY, YOU KNOW WHAT?
I'M THIS CLOSE TO NOT EVEN CARING.
SHE'S VIETNAMESE.
THAT DOESN'T HELP ME.
BUT I KNOW THAT I HAVE NEVER MET THIS WOMAN.
WHY IS IT THAT EVERY TIME I LEAVE MY HOUSE --
-- I AM HAVING A FISTFIGHT WITH A WOMAN?
HAA!
YOU NEVER SEE WOMEN PICKING FIGHTS WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA. BUT ME? SURE.
NO. NO. HEY!
LISTEN TO ME -- HEY!
I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT YOU.
YOU TELL ME WHAT THE PROBLEM IS --
-- YOU KNOW, OTHER THAN THE OBVIOUS PSYCHOLOGICAL ONE ASSOCIATED WITH CREATING SITUATIONS LIKE THIS.
I'M PRETTY SURE I DON'T KNOW YOU LADY, SO...
KARE WA SUBARASHII KAKUTOUKA DA.
WHO THE HELL IS THIS?
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

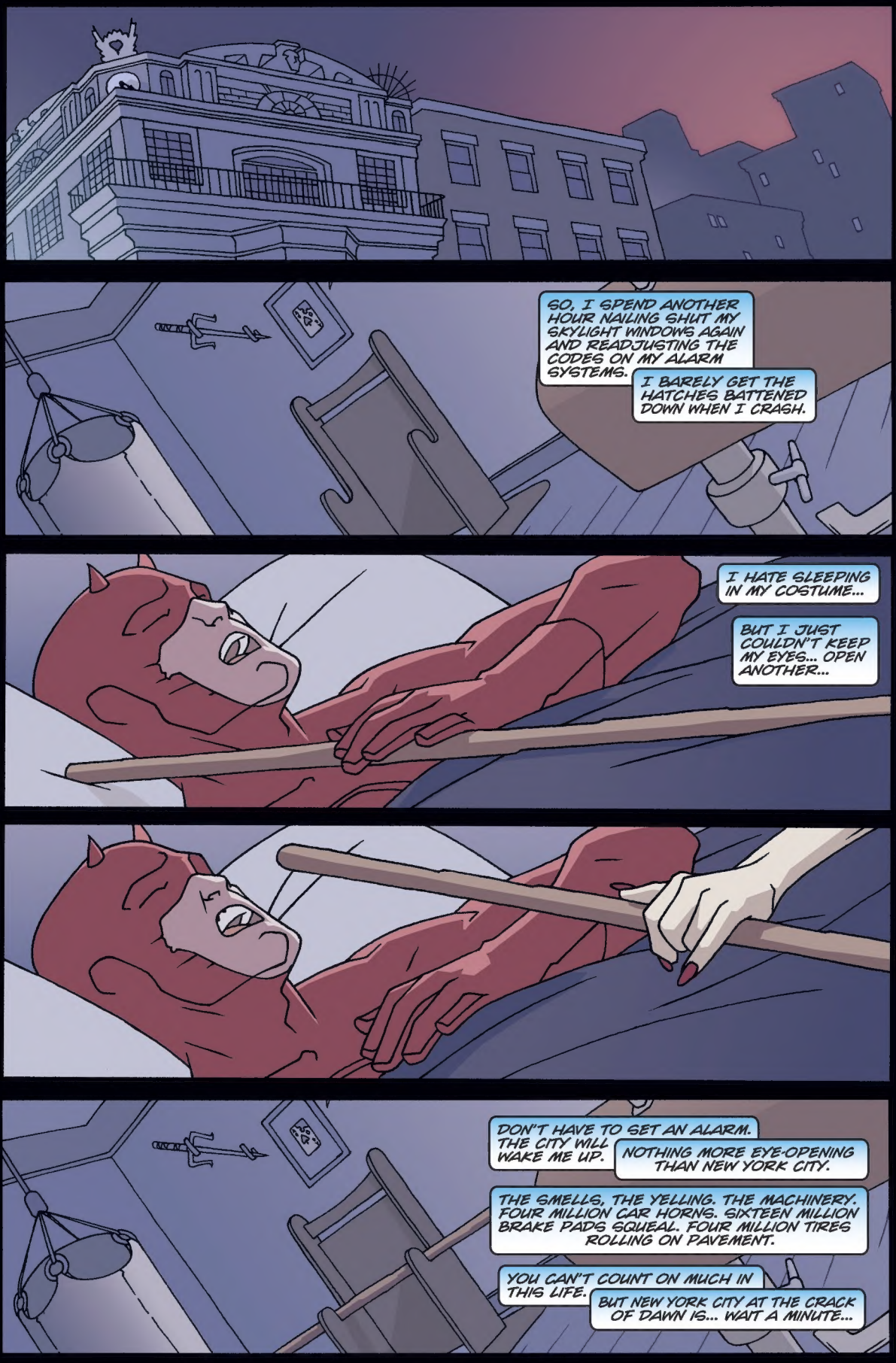
JAPANESE. OSAKA.
THE COAT IS HANDMADE.
HE HAD A BOWL OF SOUP TWO HOURS AGO. NONE OF THIS HELPS ME.
KARE NO KUNREN GA DOKO MADE IKU KA YOUSU WO UKAGA OW.
WHAT THE HELL IS WITH THE TEA? IT'S BEGINNING TO REALLY CREEP ME OUT.

KARE WA KOKORO DE TATAKATTE INAI. KARE GA KOKORO DE TATAKAU NO WA MA TOU.
IS THIS ANOTHER KINGPIN HITMAN AUDITION?
SOME NEW TRICK OF THE HAND?
ME GA MEINAKUTEMO KARE NARA DEKIRU.
KITTO.
EVEN THE HAND IS MORE SAVVY THAN THIS... SPEAK!
MAN, I HATE -- HATE -- HATE THIS NINJA CRAP.
I HATE HAVING TO WAIT FOR THE OTHER FOOT TO DROP.
I'M TRYING TO BE CIVIL ABOUT THIS.
TRYING TO REMAIN CALM.
BUT I'M GIVING YOU 'TIL THE COUNT OF FIVE TO STAND BACK AND STOP ALL THIS NINJA NONSENSE.
1...
2...
5...


ALL RIGHT THEN.
BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY --
-- TWO PHONE CALLS AND A FINSKY AND I CAN HAVE YOU BACK ON A BOAT TO THE HOMELAND BY MORNING.
BECAUSE YOU WIN!
I WASN'T INTO THIS, BUT NOW I AM.
HAA!
SPACK
AARR!
SMACK

KIBISHII NE. YARISUGI RU NA YO.
KARE NARA DAIJOUBU.
HUUUGG
HUUG
HUUG
HA!
SPACK
DARO?
CRACK
PAK


IT WAS AN HONOR, "LITTLE RUNT."
YOU ARE A FASCINATING WARRIOR.
WHAT DID YOU --?
LITTLE RUNT?
AND JUST LIKE THAT... POOF!
NOT A TRACE. NOT A TRAIL. NOTHING.
THEY KNOW HOW TO COVER THEIR TRACKS. THEY KNOW THE ART OF STEALTH WALKING.
DEFINITELY NINJA TRAINING.
BUT HE SAID --
"LITTLE RUNT?"
MY SHOULDER IS KILLING ME.


SO, I SPEND ANOTHER HOUR NAILING SHUT MY SKYLIGHT WINDOWS AGAIN AND READJUSTING THE CODES ON MY ALARM SYSTEMS.
I BARELY GET THE HATCHES BATTENED DOWN WHEN I CRASH.
I HATE SLEEPING IN MY COSTUME...
BUT I JUST COULDN'T KEEP MY EYES... OPEN ANOTHER...
DON'T HAVE TO SET AN ALARM. THE CITY WILL WAKE ME UP.
NOTHING MORE EYE-OPENING THAN NEW YORK CITY.
THE SMELLS, THE YELLING. THE MACHINERY. FOUR MILLION CAR HORNS. SIXTEEN MILLION BRAKE PADS SQUEAL. FOUR MILLION TIRES ROLLING ON PAVEMENT.
YOU CAN'T COUNT ON MUCH IN THIS LIFE.
BUT NEW YORK CITY AT THE CRACK OF DAWN IS... WAIT A MINUTE...

TO BE CONTINUED!